

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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## THE TWO BROTHERS:

OR,

## ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE.

Continued.

They instantly secreted themselves, and immediately perceived a man pass by without noticing them. He was soon met by another, and a dialogue ensued, which was not conducted in so low a key but that they were overheard. "Gerald," said the first, who appeared to have some authority, "the prisoner's fate is now determined, and he must be dispatched as expeditiously as possible." "Why (replied the other) is this sudden resolution? I thought it was not to have been done."

"No matter," answered the first, "do you see it is done, I am in haste; when it is finished prepare to the grand hall." Upon this they separated, and walked down different avenues. When they had got a considerable distance, it was resolved that Louis, his valet, and another servant, should follow the second, while Monsieur Dupont and the remainder should pursue the first. Louis and his company proceeded after Gerald with great caution, till he entered a small chamber. They remained within sight of the door for nearly an hour, when hissing (he did not return, they ventured to look into the room, where they perceived he had passed through an opposite door.

Vexed at being thus disappointed, Louis rushed hastily forward and had soon advanced considerably before his companions, when he perceived the same man striking right. As soon as he succeeded, he proceeded till he reached a staircase, which he began to descend. Louis, desirous of rescuing the unknown prisoner from the murderous designs of his enemies, continued to follow the man, when he now saw was armed, till at length he was assured by the dampness of the air and the dim glimmering of the light which Gerald carried in his hand, that he was in the vaults of the castle.

Undaunted by the certainty that he was at a great distance from his companions, he persisted in his resolute undertaking, and grasping a brace of pistols, with cautious steps pursued the assassin (who had by this time ceased to descend) through the winding avenues of the subterranean apartments, when he suddenly fell through a trap door into the vault below. Here he remained a considerable time useless from the fall; one of the pistols, which he held in his hand was discharged, and the report reverberating from the gloomy cavities, vibrated on the ear of the astonished Gerald with such an awful sound, that he remained almost motionless with terror. When reason had resumed her functions over his mind, he removed himself as fast as his trembling limbs would bear him, from the spot which had inspired him with such dreadful apprehensions, unable to comprehend from what cause they had arisen. While Gerald was proceeding to execute his diabolical

purpose, far other sensations pervaded the breast of Louis; providentially he had not received any material injury, and when he had recovered from the swoon into which his fall had thrown him, he arose disappointed, because he now believed himself incapable of preventing the accomplishment of Gerald's murderous designs on the unknown victim. Picturing to himself some unfortunate man fall into the hands of his enemies, and suffering under the dagger of the nightly assassin, he paced with hasty steps the cavern into which he had been thrown, when a deep groan assailed his ear. His first sensation was an involuntary emotion of fear, but listening for some moments attentively, and not hearing it repeated, he attributed it to his perturbed imagination.

After some minutes had elapsed it was repeated, and he heard it too distinctly to suffer him to consider it as the wanderings of his own disordered fancy. Advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived the reflection of a light proceeding from an opening, and which, upon a nearer view he found was placed upon a small table in the adjoining vault. Near it was a man in chains, lying on a miserable bed of straw, from whom he groans which had alarmed him issued. He had scarcely reached the gate, when an opposite door opened, and Gerald, the same whom he had followed so long, entered the vault. Louis had his pistol charged, and that he determined to use in the preservation of the helpless sufferer, and as the assassin was preparing to execute his infamous purpose he exclaimed "Infamous instrument of tyranny, go to that wood where thy black soul shall suffer torment worthy of so foul a miscreant," and at the same moment Gerald received a ball in his breast from the hand of Louis. Roused by the sound of a broken splinter, the prisoner raised himself from the floor, and presented to the eye of the astonished Louis, the ghastly countenance of his brother Henry. Joy at once burst blinding those beloved features, inspired him with strength, and grasping the bars with a nervous hand, he wrenched the whole out of its position, and in an instant he found himself in the arms of his brother. When the first emotions attendant on such an occasion had subsided, they resolved to return by the way Gerald had entered the dungeon. Louis then, feeling the pockets of the deceased murderer, found the keys which fastened the chains round the body of Henry, and liberated him. Leaving the limp upon the table they quitted this gloomy dungeon, intending to direct their steps towards the mansions of the living without any light, rather than expose themselves to detection. Carefully moving along the vaults, they passed the trap door, through which Louis had entered, and ascended the staircase as they were moving along the dark passages at the top they heard the report of a pistol at a small distance, and in a few minutes they were joined by M. Dupont, who passing his finger on his lip in token of silence, beckoned them to follow him, and proceeded with hasty steps in the direction towards the door by which

they had entered the castle; but as they were descending the spiral staircase, they heard a hoarse voice at the bottom, calling to others, and bidding them guard all the exits, and they hid their safe enough. They, upon hearing this, measured back their steps with rapidity, and were as quickly pursued by others, whose hoarse voices proceeding in different directions, announced their approach. The fugitives were obliged to separate, and Louis and Henry entered a recess, which by its gloom, favoured their concealment. Unfortunately, their pursuers thought proper to search it, and they were both discovered, conducted to separate apartments, and put in fetters, to prevent the possibility of their escape. Henry, reduced in mind and body by the severity of his confinement, suffered himself to be bound without murmuring, but the ardent spirit of his brother Louis, disdained confinement, and it was with difficulty they secured him. He demanded for what reason he was to be kept a prisoner, and heaped curses upon them, but they only sneered at his impatience, and left him to his own thoughts. Meanwhile, M. Dupont, and those who accompanied him, had found their way to the subterranean apartments, and by means of a breach made by the all-devouring hand of time, escaped from the walls of the castle. His first step was to go to court, where he stated to the king every circumstance, and was allowed a body of soldiers to search the castle. They did so, but in vain, not a soul was to be found, all was undisturbed solitude, and he was under the necessity of leaving his wards to their fate. Months passed away, but the cloud of mystery was not dispelled, when one evening, when the family had all retired to bed, a violent knocking was heard at the gate. This untimely intrusion roused M. Dupont, who dressed himself, and went below to know the cause; he found the servants huddled together, disputing who should open the gate, for since the inexplicable disappearance of Louis and Henry, a superstitious fear had pervaded the bosom of every domestic. M. Dupont ordered them to follow him, and he opened the gate, when he rushed a figure covered with blood and dust—a sanguine scream issuing from his arms, which hung lifeless at his side.

The servants uttered a cry of terror, and clung round their master, when the stranger sunk on the floor, fainting through loss of blood. A couch was prepared for him, and every attempt made to recall departed animation, but in vain; the face was crimsoned of the blood which besmeared it, and the pallid features proclaimed that the stranger was the lost Louis. Grieved to the soul to be obliged to lose him the moment he was found, M. Dupont exerted himself to blow into existence the latent spark of life, and was at length successful. The blood flowing from the wound in his arm was staunch, and a deep groan issued from his lips. The faint prospect of recovering him stimulated the faithful guardian to new exertion, and he had at length the satisfaction of perceiving his eyes open, and a reviving cordial completely restored him to life. But a de-

trious fever raged through his veins, and he raved with all the incoherence of madness: "his brother, his murdered brother," was the principal object on which his wandering fancy seemed to rest. Seven days he existed under the influence of madness, when his ravings subsided, and he sank into a state of insensibility. M. Dupont was sensible that the crisis of his disorder was at hand, and conceived his inanimate situation as only a prelude to dissolution. "Ill-fated youth," (he exclaimed,) evil was the planet that presided at thy birth; under its influence have all thy days been tainted with misfortune, and the dart of death is already extended to deprive thee of existence. Small has been thy portion of happiness here, but thy reward is yet to come."

The worthy owner of the chateau had sent for a surgeon from the neighbouring village as soon as he had discovered in the person of the wounded stranger he showed Louis. M. Burton, the surgeon who was expected, was an English gentleman who had studied physic and surgery under the most eminent of the profession in London, but owing to some disgust he had taken to his native country, he retired to France, and took up his residence at the village in the vicinity of the chateau, where he continued the practice of his profession, with equal ability and success. He possessed a perfect knowledge of the French language, as he had resided in the kingdom for many years, and could converse on any subject with ease; his sentiments were exalted with affection, and his conversation displayed superior talents and refinement; it may be therefore be supposed that he was a frequent visitor at the chateau, where his arrival was ever greeted with an unqualified welcome. He had married a French lady, by whom he had one daughter, and this endearing tie bound him still closer to the country. Upon Monsieur Burton's examining Louis's arm, while he was sensible, he found that a ball had been lodged there, but it was luckily extracted without injury. At M. Dupont's request, this humane gentleman, whose heart was ever alive to sensibility, consented to remain at the chateau till reason succeeded madness, or his patient paid "the great debt of nature."

The crisis of his disorder was fast approaching, his breath grew short, and delusive hope was banished from every bosom, and gave place to despondency. Every countenance wore the liveliness of sorrow, and gave the strongest testimony of the love they bore to him; at length he appeared to have entirely ceased to aspire; all his melancholy friends were seated round the bed, waiting the moment when his soul should depart "to him who gave it."

To be continued.

#### ANECDOTE.

A Jurymen, not so pliant as many, was repeatedly singular in his opinion, but so determined as always to bring over the other eleven. The judge asked him once how he came to be so obstinate. "My Lord," said he, "no man is more open to conviction than I am; but I have not met the same pliancy in others; for it has generally been my lot to be on a jury with eleven obstinate men."

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness, as to be able to make a good use of it.

#### THE WIDOW.

Poor Mary, I pity thy lot,  
Of every sorrow the prey;  
Death struck at the peace of thy cot,  
And has taken thy partner away.

Ah! Widow, distracted and lorn,  
Ah, penniless stranger to ease;  
'Tis thine, unassisted to mourn,  
In a season inclement as this.

Of a husband, most faithful heretofore,  
Who now will afford thee relief;  
The pledges of love he has left,  
But add to thy measure of grief.

Thy Anna who shared every joy,  
Now answers thee every sigh;  
And even that dear little boy  
Seems to catch the distress of thy eye.

Unthinking and innocent child!  
Thou a mother's carresses couldst steal,  
And now, of each pleasure beguiled,  
Thou seemest her sorrow to feel.

Poor Mary, I pity thy lot!  
But stop the effusion of grief;  
Is the plaint of the wretched forgot,  
By the hand that can tender relief!

Ah no! with each sorrow that's sent,  
Is a heavenly balm to be found;  
And without the all-gracious consent,  
Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground.

The world, though its prospects are bright,  
The oldest, who longest it know,  
Have waded us the pleasures to slight,  
Of a region so pregnant with woe.

And happiness—Mary can own  
That it vanishes so as a dream;  
As the snow-drop that's instantly gone,  
The moment it falls on the stem.

Like Children, delighting our eyes,  
We gaze at the fugitive fair,  
If we grasp for a moment the prize,  
It starts—a bubble of air.

Then, seeming as thence a road,  
Through a country so wretched as this,  
Let us sigh for a lasting abode,  
In the regions of durable peace.

#### ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

WELCOME! happy little stranger,  
To this busy world of care!  
Nothing can thy peace enlarge,  
Not aught now thy steps ensnare.

Precious babe! thou art excluded  
From all thought of trouble near;  
No distress has yet intruded,  
Noon remorse, nor restless fear.

Innocence and peace attend thee!  
None's slanders now are thine;  
Every change to thee is friendly,  
Love and joy, around thee shine.

Yet, alas! behind the curtain,  
Tribulation veils her form;  
Disappointment's stamp is certain;  
Virtue, only, shields from harm.

Now a Mother's care is wanted,  
All thy cravings are supplied;  
All thy infant claims are granted,  
Not one comfort is denied.

How her bosom pants with pleasure!  
All her feelings are awake;  
Gladly would she, little treasure,  
All thy pains and sufferings take.

May'st thou, if designed by Heaven,  
Future days, and years to see,  
Suckle her, make her passage even,  
Let her heart rejoice in thee!

May her anxious care and labours,  
Be repaid by filial love—  
And thy soul be crowned with favours,  
From the boundless source above.

#### WHAT IS BEAUTY.

The venerable Kaliph Mahmoud Raif, before his spirit was received by the angel of death, concluded his farewell address to his beloved son, with the following injunction—Ismael, said he, take but one wife to thy bosom, but be careful that she is perfectly beautiful; if thou dost mistrust the men's judgment, see the opinion of the sages of different countries, for wisdom is not confined within the narrow bounds of individual capacity. The weeping youth bent his body to the earth in token of his obedience, and the countenance of his aged parent was decked with the sweet smile of contentment, as his soul fled from its perishing habitation.

The youthful Ismael had long cherished the glowing passion of love for the virgin Zelma, whose hand shed its benign influence in her heart, but nature had formed her person in an angry mood, and rendered it a singular contrast to the beauties that graced her mind.

The words of the exiring Kaliph, however, remained indelibly fixed in the mind of his dutiful child, who resolved implicitly to obey his father's commands, although his attachment to Zelma was the source of many an involuntary sigh; but filial obedience triumphed over love, and he proceeded to the Khan, or Inn, in which the various inhabitants of the earth were assembled.

Ismael had scarcely made known the occasion of his visit, when the guests displayed to him the different ideas of beauty, entertained by their respective countries, and eagerly advised him to be guided by them in the choice of a bride. An Arab of the desert lavished encomiums on the women of his nation for lacking the edge of their eyes, which, he affirmed, rendered them complete beauties; a native of the Ladrones Islands said, that beauty consisted in black teeth and white hair; an inhabitant of the Cumans admired thin cheeks, a long visage, and extremely large eyes; a Chinese preferred small crippled feet; a Turk commended and larger black eyes; a Georgian, the custom of painting the face blue or yellow; a Muscovite declared, that a woman whose features were not loaded with paint, was perfectly hideous, and an Englishman allowed that the females of his country had adopted the opinion of the Muscovites!

Others of the company were preparing to offer their opinions, when an holy Dervise, with modest accent, addressed the Kaliph—Mighty prince, said he, the most humble of our slaves wishes to lay his lowly mate of advice at your feet. Proceed, holy Dervise, replied Ismael. The venerable sage, a reply, I have diligently studied the diverse languages of the desert and my endeavours have been crowned with success; this sacred volume contains the fruits of my toil, and this your wishes will be gratified. The judge of the faithful eagerly seized the precious gift, and found written in letters of gold,—IN VIRTUE ALONE IS PERFECT BEAUTY.

#### ANECDOTES.

Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barmeth, were exceedingly tired and fatigued with their journey, and the more so when they were told they had but still about ten miles to London. By St Patrick, cried one of them, it is but five miles a piece, let us cross walk it.

#### SCRAP.

Where there is emulation, there will be vanity,  
and where there is vanity, there will be folly.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE PROTEST.

*I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
'Tis the curse and plague of my life,  
It ruins my credit, may health, and my purse,  
My peace, and my comfort—and what is still worse,  
It vexes and angers my wife!*

*I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
It torments and embitters my life!  
To ruin, 't would hurry thy wotry headlong,  
And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong,  
And so does the tears of my wife!*

*I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
Nor lead such a wretched vile life;  
Is attendants are poverty, shame and disgrace!  
Discease and despair stare me hard in the face,  
'And so does 'my heart-broken wife!*

*I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
'Tis the spring of all evils in life!  
'Tis the curse of all curses! of mischief the worst!  
'Tis the plague of all plagues! 'Tis a demon accurst!  
No wonder loud chides my poor wife.*

*I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
For I find it the bane of my life;  
Henceforth, I'll be watchful that nought shall  
destroy  
Thine comfort and peace that I ought to enjoy  
In my children, my home, and my wife.*

—OO—

*The following inscription is copied from the tomb erected  
over the ashes of Gen. Wayne. We trust, his  
friends of his hero will be gratified by its perusal*

HERE LIES,  
Beneath this modest tent,  
Fitting for nobler enterprise;  
With nothing less than Heaven's content:  
Waiting (while he bled) for aid;  
Till trumpet bid him rise,  
To join the armies of the skies.

GENERAL WAYNE,  
Thou wert  
A winter quarters  
His warlike corpse remain,  
Thou' Death, that monarch grim,  
A prisoner made of him.  
His gallant enterprising soul  
Is on parole,  
Viewing each heavenly plain,  
Where he  
Must shortly be,  
With Indian Chiefs in unity,  
His next campaign.

*Round on the door of a church in England on the  
morning of a fast day for the success of the British arms*

*O— your bloods, are these your pranks,  
To murder men, and give God thanks?  
I pray you stop, proceed no further,  
For God requires no thanks for murder!*

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OR THE  
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,  
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## MORALIST

*If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of  
daily food—  
And one of you say unto him, Depart in peace,  
be ye clothed and filled; notwithstanding ye give  
them not those things which are needful for the body:  
what doth it profit?—James ii, 15, 16.*

*Good intentions and friendly wishes are too often  
thought to be a sufficient passport to Heaven. Were  
half of the benevolent maxims which flow from every  
tongue to be realized in practice, another golden  
age would appear, and nothing more would remain  
to intend or to wish.*

*Accost the first man you meet—tell him a tale of  
poverty and sickness—he is all sympathy.—'Are  
they really in distress? how I pity them! how long  
have they been in this condition? something must  
certainly be done for them.'—'But will you do any  
thing yourself?'—'I will do all I can—but stay,  
there is Mr. B—, twice as rich as I am, apply to  
him; he will do something, I am sure—good morn-  
ing.' He leaves you—shuffles off the application,  
and speedily forgets you and your tale.*

*The Esquimaux ventures thus to portray the universal  
disposition, in regard to charity, to talk and not  
to act. If every individual who deplores the  
pressure of poverty, would do a little for its relief,  
the word would shortly be expunged from our voca-  
bulary; and a happy world could only say,  
and perhaps hardly believe, that such a thing has been.*

*Our tender sympathies for distress are inactive  
while we abound in the good things of this life. It  
needs our own suffering, to excite them; nor are  
they even always sufficient—nor if sufficient is the  
impression of eyes durable. However we may be  
chilled by the blast of winter out of doors, no sooner  
are we within, and heated by a cheerful fire, than we  
forget our suffering, wretched neighbors, and soon  
find it not so cold as it was!*

*What Stern said of vice, may be said of misery  
—that to hear men talk, one would suppose the whole  
world was in an uproar about it, and was con-  
spiring in a general league for its eradicat. And  
every day evinces that while we are leaning upon  
our pillows, hunger and nakedness continues to invade  
the miserable ravens of many a fellow creature.*

### THE SUBSCRIBER.

*Professor of Dancing and of the French Language  
Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his  
academy at Harmony hall in Barclay, corner of Wil-  
liam street, where he exercises his profession.*

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convenience.*

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masters, mistresses, and such as cannot attend at other  
times, and in the evening for grown persons of both  
sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any  
time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gen-  
tlemen, who not having had the opportunity, in ear-  
ly life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dan-  
cing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather  
than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen at-  
tending it, will be waited upon at their houses.*

IGNACE C. FRAISIER

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